By *Iupiter*, this shall not be reuokt.
Kent. Why fare thee well King, since thou wilt appeare,
Friendship liues hence, and banishment is here;
The Gods to their protection take the maid,
That rightly thinkes, and hath most iustly said,
And your large speeches may your deeds approue,
That good effects may spring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l shape his old course in a Country new.

Enter France and Burgundy with Glocester.

Glo. Heer's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord or *Burgundy*, we first addresse towards you,
Who with a King hath riuald for our daughter,
What in the least will you require in present
Dower with her, or cease your queste of loue?
Burg. Roiall Maiesty, I craue no more then what
Your Highnesse offered, nor will you tender lesse?
Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*, when she was deare to vs,
We did hold her so, but now her price is fallen;
Sir, there she stands, if ought within that little
Seeming substance, or all of it with our displeasure peec'st,
And nothing else may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.
Burg. I know no answer.
Lear. Sir, will you with those infirmities she owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Couered with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leaue her.
Burg. Pardon me royall sir, election makes not vp
On such conditions.
Lear. Then leaue her sir, for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you,
To auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

Fran.

Fra. This is most stran
Was your best obiect, th
Balme of your age, most
Should in this trice of ti
So monstrous, to disman
Sure her offence must be
That monsters it, or you
Falne into taint, which t
Must be a faith that reas
Could neuer plaint in m
Cord. I yet beseech yo
If for I want that glib a
To speake and purpose
Ile do't before I speake, t
It is no vicious blot, mu
No vncleane action or d
That hath depriu'd me o
But euen for want of tha
A still soliciting eye, and
As I am glad I haue not,
Hath lost me in your liki
Lear. Go to, goe to, b
Then not to haue pleas'
Fran. Is it no more bu
That often leaues the hi
My Lord of *Burgundy*, v
Loue is not loue when i
Aloofe from the entire p
She is her selfe and dowe
Burg. Royall *Lear*, gi
Which your selfe propo
Cordelia by the hand, Du
Lear. Nothing, I haue
Burg. I am sorry then
That you must lose a hus
Cord. Peace be with
Of fortune are his loue,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.